# Mobile Chateau

## Matt Costa

Far away is the moon
Shining down in her room
Found you tripping on the stars
Making mobiles out of parts
That you found lying on the ground
Hark the birds are singing we've been lost and found
Far away is the sun
Winter you will come
With your lily white hands
Making crafts out of plants
Found you weeping in the snow
Hark the bells are ringing, I won't let you go
And with the trees we will sway
The sky and geese, we ought to stay this way
Found you weeping in the snow
Bells are ringing, I won't let you go

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